The day be ours or no:
For yet a many of your French do keep the field.
Hera. The day is yours.
Kin. Praiſed be God therefore.
What Caſtle call you that?
Hera. We call it *Agincourt.*
Kin. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt.*
Fought on the day of *Cryſpin, Cryſpin.*
Flew. Your grandfather of famous memorie,
If your grace be remembred,
Is do good ſeruice in *France.*
Kin. Tis true *Flewellen.*
Flew. Your Maieſtie ſayes verie true.
And it pleaſe your Maieſtie,
The Wealchmen there was do good ſeruice,
In a garden where Leekes did grow.
And I thinke your Maieſtie wil take no ſcorne,
To weare a Leake in your cap vpon S. *Danies* day.
Kin. No *Flewellen,* for I am wealch as well as you.
Flew. All the water in *Wye* wil not waſh your wealch
Blood out of you, God keep it, and preſerue it,
To his graces will and pleaſure.
Kin. Thankes good countryman.
Flew. By Ieſus I am your Maieſties countryman:
I care not who know it, ſo long as your maieſty is an honeſt man.
K. God keep me ſo. Our Herald go with him,
And bring vs the number of the ſcattred French.

Exit Heralds.

Call yonder ſouldier hither.
Flew. You fellow come to the king.
Kin. Fellow why dooſt thou weare that gloue in thy hat?
Soul. And pleaſe your maieſtie, tis a raſcals that ſwagard
With me the other day: and he hath one of mine,
Which if euer I ſee, I haue ſworne to ſtrike him.

So

So hath he ſworne the like to me.
K. How think you *Flewellen,* is it
Fl. And it pleaſe your maieſty, ti
If he be periur'd once, he is as arrant
As treads vpon too blacke ſhues.
Kin. His enemy may be a gentle
Flew. And if he be as good a gen
And Belzebub, and the diuel himſ
Tis meete he keepe his vowe.
Kin. Well ſirrha keep your wor
Vnder what Captain ſerueſt thou
Soul. Vnder Captaine *Gower.*
Flew. Captaine *Gower* is a good
And hath good littrature in the wa
Kin. Go call him hither.
Soul. I will my Lord.

Kin. Captain *Flewellen,* when A
Downe together, *I* tooke this glou
Here *Flewellen,* weare it. *If* any do
He is a friend of *Alonſons,*
And an enemy to mee.
Fle. Your maieſtie doth me as g
As can be deſired in the harts of hi
I would ſee that man now that ſho
And it pleaſe God of his grace, *I* v
That is all.
Kin. Flewellen knowſt thou Cap
Fle. Captaine *Gower* is my frien
And if it like your maieſtie, *I* know
Kin. Go call him hither.
Flew. I will and it ſhall pleaſe y
Kin. Follow *Flewellen* cloſely
The gloue he weares, it was the ſo

F

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